

**you are coming
down with me,
hand in unlovable
hand**

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by carlemon

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Summary:

—Another in a long line of stilted nights spent writhing against each other.

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Author's Note:

title from the mountain goats' no children.

—Another in a long line of stilted nights spent writhing against each other, into the dirt; they blend together for Patrick, unremarkable in their coming about, only barely discernible by whatever new way of trying to convince the both of them he doesn't want this —want *Patrick*— Henry's thought to spat out. Patrick doesn't mind. Some days he finds it funny; others, hilarious. There's never been anything as sublimely comic as Henry fucking Bowers, bless him, raging, *uppity*, 'til the end, even as Patrick's sneaking his greedy, voracious, fingers into the chinks in his hide and—

—pulling him apart.

This is one of those nights. Butch isn't home, and Henry, Patrick reflects, is still too fucking dense to realise that it's because Patrick doesn't want him to be, because that's how it is, because for all his fevered perception of what Belch and Vic're sneaking around to spit at him behind his back, he still can't recognise the gospel truth that is all of the *entire goddamn world's* a play, and Patrick's the prick in the audience laughing too hard at the sad bits (and that's okay, Patrick figures. He'll come 'round, and Patrick's patient, and scaring him away does neither of them any good); Butch isn't home and Patrick bores and Patrick *wants* so they're out in Henry's front yard, sort of wrestling, wearing dust into their scabs and blisters and bruises.

Patrick's on top this time, straddling Henry neatly, beanpole legs either side of his waist. He flicks on and off, and on again the cap of his lighter as Henry thrashes furiously underneath him, scratchy dirt covering his cheeks.

“Motherfucker— get off—” Patrick could kiss it off, if he wanted, because god knows (*he* knows) he always gets what he wants, and because it's likely that Henry still doesn't know the only reason anything happens the way it does —read: why Patrick does things the way he does— is because gutting cats and dogs and stuffing them

with scrap and muck gets old after a while, and, well,
because he can.

Henry starts, violently, furiously, underneath him then, and Patrick bucks with the motion, smile dim and syrupy, serene. His hands feel sweaty 'round the lighter, and he doesn't know whether he wants to kiss Henry or light his hair on fire or light up a fag or two, just to put them out on the junction between Henry's neck and shoulder that gleams, sweat-slicked, in the pale moonlight and watch him squirm. It doesn't matter. Want is want is want and god does Patrick fucking *want*. "Stop fucking looking at me like that, you fucking queer, and *get off*," grinds out Henry through bloody teeth, out a mouth with which Patrick is *intimately* familiar, fists finding tufts of dead grass, fists finding the hem of Patrick's shirt, curling too tightly into the mangy fabric to be just angry.

Just angry, just hurt, just straight, *just*. Henry Bowers' life is a series of deadlines and standards barely met, pigeonholed into the space in between Butch's fingers and palm each time he makes a fist at Henry coming home late with bloody knuckles and (Patrick's) teeth-marks in his neck, the excess bleeding out of him each time he beats on the Kaspbrak kid, the Tozier kid, Hanlon.

"Give it a moment," Patrick tells him. Henry's face screws up in boy-fury, self-righteous and shallow. When his nails dig into Patrick's legs, finding purchase in the rips in his jeans, they don't draw blood. Patrick wonders if Henry knows he's hurting himself more than Patrick, that that's how it'll be no matter how much (self-)hate and loathing he packs into his fists each time he slings a punch at him. Patrick wonders if Henry knows anything at all, the exquisite idiot.

Henry skims the inside of Patrick's thighs with calloused claws of fingers, knuckling bruises and red lines into the soft flesh that'll fade too soon and only look like he'll have been fucking a girl. (Or Henry. Same, same.) "You're getting off on this. Fucking flamer." After all this time, it means even less than it had initially in the midst of that scorching junkyard swelter: Henry's bored or scared or something in between, and Patrick, with the entire universe spinning about in his fucked-up head, shivers with the anticipation of telling him that both he and the *entire goddamn world* couldn't give less of a fuck. Patrick

wants, and craves, and maybe even yearns. It's all the same. He gets what he needs, and Henry gets to come in his pants and retch over it later with his fingers in Hanlon's big, doleful, doe-eyes. Win-win.

Something must've changed in how he's looking at him, because Henry stops struggling just long enough for Patrick to slip the lighter back into his pocket and lean down, crowding him against the barren ground with open palms, his mouth a cat whisker's-length from Patrick's. He hums. "Not yet." Predictably governed by fruitless impulse, Henry convulses in his clutch— and clutch indeed. Grip, vice-like. Big, open, palms, spindly fingers, creating and fucking and destroying. Genesis and Revelations. Let there be light. These hands pull-apart the spines of rodents and scrub blood out of places blood shouldn't be on the regular. These hands stole the light right out of Avery's eyes. These hands could crack Henry open and render out his marrow.

Instead, they curl into Henry's, jagged nails scoring his weeping, oozing, knuckles. "Soon, though. Are you?"

"Fuck y—"

Patrick kisses him. (This is how it works.) There's no word for what Henry's breath does but *catch*, hoarseness and profanity wandered right into Patrick's little waiting snare. (*That* is the sound of Patrick's want.) Patrick tilts his head to a more accommodating angle and smiles against his blistered mouth, flat tongue curling against his, tasting blood on the roof of his mouth. Like copper and rot.

When he follows it, Henry cringes, all muscle and disdain and a sort of off-guard shock rolling lithely under his skin. Graceful. Viscous. He's all sinew, Henry is, nowhere near soft or hard enough for Patrick not to want him. "*Fucking, Hockstetter—*" The succeeding *I'm gonna beat the shit out of you, get off me, get offa me, motherfucker, faggot* withers and dies in the approximate moment wherein Patrick rolls his bottom lip into his mouth and bites, drawing blood, rendering his mouth an open wound, gaped and hapless. Patrick collects the thin line of blood that arcs down Henry's chin with his tongue, kissing the corner of his mouth with too big of a grin and too many teeth and hands white-knuckled in Henry's.

This isn't one of the sad bits, but Patrick still wants to laugh when he draws back, gets a good eyeful of the look on Henry's face: blown pupils, raw cheeks, helpless mouth hewn at one corner, twisted in an uncertain scowl. He hadn't bitten back, and Patrick can see that they're both regretting it, but that's okay; he is nothing if not patient. He learnt it in the womb, like a wolf. Grew it from there himself.

"You've got a little something," he murmurs, brushing a beetle off the apple of one of Henry's cheeks, "there." Not quite speaking, not yet, Henry flails viciously and crushes it. Giggling, Patrick rocks back, feeling Henry's unwilling, unwitting gasp in his bones. He's coming 'round, half-hard against Patrick when he sits back against him, no longer so audibly and visibly opposed to the boner Patrick's been sporting for the past fifteen minutes, christ. He fans one dirt-dusty palm open and cups one of Henry's sunburnt cheeks, dragging a trail down his bobbing adam's apple, his collarbones, his chest. Coming to a gentle, curled, rest just below his stomach.

He could gut him like a fish, and that's the difference between them: Henry could kill him, but Patrick could (and can, and will) kill and eat and fuck him raw. Maybe in that order. Probably not.

"Are you fucking *done*," spits Henry, hot and sweat-sticky now, all muscle and tendon heaving restlessly, hungrily under skin as fine as paper. Patrick titters his high girlish vulture's laugh and works down him, dragging fingers down pre-ordained paths, careful not to stray. *Let me show you something.* He doesn't say it, but he knows (and knows that Henry knows that he knows) they can feel it. It hangs there like a promise or, more appropriately, corpse-stench, fluttering, unrelenting, in the dusky breeze.

Moving off him, Patrick grins with too many teeth. With all his teeth, sanguine in both ways. "Nah. Relax. You want it." Prying Henry's legs apart feels like an evisceration, an excavation; idly undoing his zipper, something worse.

He gets a snarl in response, strong thighs tensing under his touch. "As if. You fucking *wish*." Patrick giggles helplessly despite himself because oh, he *does*, and Henry is watching him even though he doesn't want to and god does Patrick hope (with a grotesque, fervent, glee) that he'll get it now— want is want is what Patrick wants. All

the world's a stage. He wants the world to watch Henry unravel. He wants to create and destroy and ravage and *fuck*.

Henry exhales shakily through grit teeth and Patrick leers, dragging his jeans down, two fingers curled into the waistband of his boxers. "This is new," comes his sordid simper, ravenous into Henry's navel. "Keep your eyes open," he adds by way of clarification when Henry looks at him halfway between puzzled and vexed, hands already clenching and unclenching helplessly, describing shuddering circles in the night air.

"*Look* at me," he says, and Henry goes limp underneath him.

Author's Note:

ohhh man i am a sucker for these 2
theyre of age here, i sorta wish patrick got his
comeuppance like he did in the novel but yk what?
id die for owen teague